

AUTUMN.

BY P. B. WEST

Past are the equinoctial gales,
And past the summer's ruddy glow,
Fainter the sunlight limns the vales
And gliding rills that sparkling flow.

The maple flaunts its yellow leaves
Beside the oak with crimson dyed,
The climbing rose 'neath cottage eaves,
Retains the green, its summer pride.

Athwart the path the spider weaves
His net, oft rent by falling mast,
That mingles with the withered leaves
The frost winged autumn breath has cast.

Yet days will come, with reddened sun,
When smoky haze has filled the air,
Cloudless the sky, still somber, dun,
Appears our orb so lately fair.

And bees will range their summer haunts,
Unsated hie to winter's store,
The squirrel now for future wants,
Will forage strive and toil for more.

The fitful winds in wild unrest
Search for the flowers, no sweet perfume
Floats on the air, a russet vest
Field, tree, and flower, in haste assume.

The jay well plumed is piping loud ;
The quail has sought the tangled brake,
And dark and restless as the cloud
The cawing crow with morn will wake.

And then anon the cloudless sky
Turns dark, and winds are sweeping past,
While drifting storm-clouds swiftly fly,
The monarch oak bends to the blast.